

The War Fifty Years Ago

A Victory For the Federal Arms Won at Mill Springs, Ky., by General George H. Thomas' Force—Confederates Defeated and Leave the State—General F. K. Zollicoffer Killed by a Kentucky Colonel. Thomas Moving to Invade Tennessee—Rapid Pursuit of the Retreating Foe—Minor Events of the Week. Congress Favors Exchange of War Prisoners—War Tax of \$150,000,000 Authorized.

By Captain GEORGE L. KILMER, Late U. S. V.

ON the 19th of January, 1862, the Confederates met with a severe disaster at the hands of General George H. Thomas' troops on the field of Mill Springs, Ky. Thomas set out from the interior of Kentucky to drive the enemy from the upper Cumberland region and across the mountains of East Tennessee. On the north bank of the Cumberland, opposite Mill Springs, the Confederates held a fortified position, which Thomas approached cautiously, moving his force in two columns. The Confeder-



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GENERAL G. H. THOMAS, U. S. A., CONFEDERATE LEADER AT MILL SPRINGS.

ates, led by Generals George B. Crittenden and F. K. Zollicoffer, sallied out of their intrenchments on the night of the 18th, bent upon attacking Thomas' advance columns, which lay west of Fishing creek and separated from the reserves by that stream. The only chance for a satisfactory issue for the Confederates was to rush the attack before Thomas could concentrate. Thomas' advance column comprised the Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota of Colonel Robert L. McCook's brigade, the Tenth Indiana and Fourth Kentucky of Colonel Mahlon D. Manson's brigade, Kenny's and Wetmore's Ohio batteries, a battalion of Michigan engineers and Colonel Frank Wolford's First Kentucky cavalry.

Crittenden ordered the movement to begin at midnight on Jan. 18 in the following order: General Zollicoffer's brigade, consisting of two cavalry companies, a Mississippi regiment, three Tennessee regiments and a battery in front; next, the brigade of General Carroll, composed of three Tennessee regiments and a section of artillery. An Alabama regiment and two cavalry regiments, intended as a reserve, closed the column. After a march of nine miles over muddy roads and through the rain, his cavalry about daylight encountered Wolford's pickets. The cavalrymen, after firing, fell back on their reserve, consisting of two companies of the Tenth Indiana, and with them made a determined stand, in which they were promptly supported by Wolford with the rest of his battalion, and soon after by the rest of the Tenth Indiana, ordered up by Manson, who had been advised by courier from Wolford of the attack. Colonel Manson proceeded in person to order forward the Fourth Kentucky and the battery of his brigade and to report to General Thomas. On his way he notified Colonel Van Cleave of the Second Minnesota.

Double Quick Into Battle.

As Manson dashed through the camp of the Fourth Kentucky, shouting for its commander, Colonel Speed S. Fry, and giving warning of the attack, the men, wearied with the muddy march of the day before, were just beginning to crawl out of their tents to roll call. Forming them rapidly, Fry led them at double quick in the direction of the firing. Having no superior to direct him, on coming in sight of the enemy he took position along a fence in the edge of the woods, with his right resting near the Mill Springs road. In front of him was an open field, across which Zollicoffer's Confederates were advancing from the shelter of woodland on the opposite side. A ravine ran through the open field parallel to Fry's front, heading near the road on his right, with steep sides in his front, but sloping gradually beyond his left.

Before Fry's arrival Zollicoffer had deployed his brigade and had forced Wolford and the Tenth Indiana to fall back, almost capturing the horses of Wolford's men, who were fighting on foot. A portion of Wolford's command under his immediate charge and Vanderhall's company of the Tenth Indiana rallied on the Fourth Kentucky, when it appeared, the remainder of the Tenth falling back to its encampment, where it reformed its lines. Fry was at once subjected to a severe attack. The enemy in his front crawled up under shelter of the ravine to

within a short distance of his lines before delivering their fire, and Fry, mounting the fence, in stentorian tones denounced them as dastards and defied them to stand up on their feet and come forward like men.

General Zollicoffer Shot Down.

A little hill in the firing occurring at this juncture, Fry rode a short distance to the right to get a better view of the movement of the enemy in that direction. The morning was a lowering one, and the woods were full of smoke. As Fry turned to regain his position he encountered a mounted officer whose uniform was covered with a waterproof coat. After approaching till their knees touched, the stranger said to Fry, "We must not fire on our own men," and, nodding his head to the left, he said, "Those are our men." Fry said: "Of course not. I would not do so intentionally," and he began to move toward his regiment, when, turning, he saw another mounted man rising from the shelter of the woods, who fired and wounded Fry's horse. Fry at once fired on the man who had wounded his horse, and several of his men, observing the incident, fired at the same time. The shots were fatal, and the horseman fell dead, pierced by a pistol shot in his breast and by two musket balls. It was soon ascertained that it was Zollicoffer himself who had fallen. In the meantime the enemy were pressing Fry in front and overlapping his right. On his right front only the fence separated the combatants. The left of his regiment not being assailed, he moved two companies from that flank to his right. As he was making this change General Thomas appeared on the field and at once placed the Tenth Indiana in position to cover Fry's exposed flank.

The fall of Zollicoffer and the sharp firing that followed caused two of his regiments, the Nineteenth and Twentieth Tennessee, to retreat in confusion. Crittenden then brought up Carroll's brigade to the support of the other two and repeated previous orders for a general advance.

Meantime Thomas had been re-enforced by the Twelfth Kentucky, First and Second East Tennessee and Standart's battery. He met the Confederate advance by placing a section of Kenny's battery on the left of the Fourth Kentucky, which was overlapped by Carroll's line, ordered the Twelfth Kentucky to the left of Kenny's two guns and the two Tennessee regiments and Wetmore's battery still farther to the



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GENERAL F. K. ZOLLICOFFER, U. S. A., KILLED AT MILL SPRINGS.

left. Standart's battery and Kenny's remaining guns were held in the rear of center and McCook's two regiments were ordered up, the Ninth Ohio on the right of the Tenth Indiana and the Second Minnesota in reserve behind the latter regiment and the Fourth Kentucky. Carroll's attack was pressed with great courage and, the ammunition of the Fourth Kentucky and the Tenth Indiana beginning to fail, the Second Minnesota was ordered to relieve them, which it did under severe fire.

A Bayonet Charge.

The advance of the Twelfth Kentucky on the left, the firing of Wetmore's battery and the movement of the Tennesseans checked the enemy's right, and it soon began to give back. The Second Minnesota was slowly pushing forward over the ground that had been the scene of the most persistent fighting from the first, and the Ninth Ohio (Prussian regiment), on the right, made a bayonet charge against the enemy's left, which gave way in confusion. Their whole line then broke into a disorderly retreat. After replenishing cartridge boxes, Thomas pushed forward in pursuit. Within a few miles a small body of the enemy's cavalry attempted to make a stand, but were scattered by a few shells from Standart. The road which the retreating force followed was strewn with evidence that the retreat had degenerated into a panic. A piece of artillery was found abandoned in a mudhole, hundreds of muskets were strewn along the road and in the fields and, most

convincing proof of all, the flying foe had thrown away haversacks filled with rations of corn pone and bacon.

Confederate Trenches Abandoned.

Those were the days when stories of "rebel atrocities" in the way of poisoning wells and food were current, and the pursuers, who had gone into the fight breakfastless, were doubtful about tasting the contents of the haversacks by the roadside. Their great number, however, soon became a guarantee of good faith, and the hungry soldiers seized on them with avidity. As Crittenden in his report mentioned the loss of all the cooked rations carried in the field as enhancing the distress of his subsequent retreat, the abundance of the supply obtained by the pursuing may be inferred. On arriving near the enemy's intrenchments the division was deployed in line of battle, advancing to the summit of the hill at Moulden's, which commanded the enemy's intrenchments. From this point Standart's and Wetmore's kept up a cannonade till dark, while Kenny's, on the left, at Russell's house fired on their ferry to keep them from



Copyright by Review of Reviews company. COLONEL R. S. FRY, U. S. A., WHOSE PISTOL DROPPED GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER.

crossing. The Fourteenth Ohio and the Tenth Kentucky had come up during the pursuit and were placed in advance for the assault ordered for daylight. General Schoepf arrived about dark with the Seventeenth, Thirty-first and Thirty-eighth Ohio.

At daylight next morning Wetmore's guns, which had been moved to Russell's, began firing on the steamer, which was badly engaged in crossing troops, and it was soon abandoned and set on fire by the enemy. The assaulting columns moved forward, the Tenth Kentucky and the Fourteenth Ohio in advance, and, reaching the intrenchments, found them abandoned. In the bottom, near the ferry crossing, were found eleven pieces of artillery, with their caissons, battery wagons and forges, hatched and ready to move, but abandoned by the artillerymen, 150 wagons and over a thousand horses and mules. All the troops had escaped. The steep road on the bank was strewn with baggage and other evidences of disorderly flight. The boats used for the crossing having been destroyed by the retreating enemy, no immediate pursuit was possible, but during the day men were improvised for getting the Fourteenth Ohio across for a reconnaissance and to secure abandoned property.

Thomas reported his loss in action as thirty-nine killed and 207 wounded, the casualties being confined entirely to the Tenth Indiana, Fourth Kentucky, Second Minnesota, Ninth Ohio and Wolford's cavalry. Colonels McCook and Fry were among the wounded. The enemy's loss he reported as 125 killed, 80 prisoners not wounded and 48 wounded. Crittenden's report stated his own loss at 125 killed, 300 wounded and 90 missing, much the heaviest loss being in the Fifteenth Mississippi of Zollicoffer's brigade, which had led the attack on Fry and had fought the whole engagement. Besides the property mentioned above, a large amount of ammunition, commissary stores, entrenching tools, camp and garrison equipment and muskets and five stands of colors were found in the camp.

The demoralization was acknowledged by Crittenden in his report, in which he says: "From Mill Springs and on the first steps of my march officers and men, frightened by the rumors of the movements of the enemy, shamefully deserted and, stealing horses and mules to ride, fled to Nashville and other places in Tennessee." Of one cavalry battalion he reported that all had deserted him except twenty-five. On his retreat his sick list increased greatly from lack of food and fatigue, and the effective force of his army was practically destroyed. After entrance into his intrenchments had demonstrated the panic that existed in the enemy's forces Fry said to Thomas, "General, why didn't you send in a demand for surrender last night?" Looking at him a moment as if reflecting, Thomas replied, "Hang it, Fry, I never once thought of it."

Minor Events of the Week.

On Jan. 15 the United States senate adopted a resolution favoring a general exchange of prisoners of war in the military prisons north and south. Senator Trumbull of Illinois introduced a bill on the 16th providing for the confiscation of Confederate property, including negro slaves, the latter to be set free. This measure was intended to define more clearly in its application to slaves the confiscation act which the previous congress had passed in August, 1861. Jan. 17 the United States senate adopted a joint resolution to levy a war tax of \$150,000,000. This tax measure had been reported by the committee of ways and means to meet the ordinary expenses of the government, the interest on the national loans and provide an ample sinking fund.

SHE WAS WAITING FOR IT

Oil Merchant Had Left a Faithful If Somewhat Ignorant, Substitute in His Office.

Having a pressing engagement with a good client, an oil merchant was obliged to leave his office in sole charge of a charwoman.

"Now, my good woman," he said, indicating the telephone, "when you hear the bell ring attached to that little box, just go to the tube and shout: 'Halloa! Who are you?' and wait for a reply."

The merchant had been gone about half an hour when the telephone bell rang furiously. The woman rushed to the tube, shouted out the necessary query and put the receiver to her ear.

"I'm Dohson from Dublin," came the answer. "Got a lot of oil for you, and wish to send it on at once. Be ready to receive it."

Presently the merchant returned, and, to his amazement, saw the charwoman holding an empty bucket under the telephone tube.

"What on earth are you doing with that pail?" she asked.

"Well," she replied, "as soon as you was gone a man shouted through the tube that he was sending a large supply of oil, and asked someone to receive it, so I'm holding this bucket, a-waitin' for it to run through!"—London Tri-Week.

MUST LISTEN TO SPEECHES

Members of British House of Commons Have No Diversions Provided for Them.

The close physical contact between the 650 members of the British house of commons, in a room not half the size of our house of representatives, brings the debater at the desk and the assembled body within close range to each other. There are no swivel chairs and desks upon which to write or to idle time away while a debate is in progress. The members sit in stiff-backed, long wooden benches like those in the old schoolhouse. If a member is not present at the opening of the session no seat or "bouquet" is reserved for him. Not one member was seen reading the paper, pasting on postage stamps or enjoying diversions such as those at Washington. They must at least make a pretense of paying attention through the proceedings, although the various postures of some of the members suggested the typical court room scene, where the jurymen are under direct glance of judge and counsel—now bored, now interested, but always right there with in the optical vision of the speaker. "A Peep at Parliament," Joe Mitchell Chapelle, in National Magazine.

Success and Luck.

A Paris newspaper has been asking eminent Frenchmen to state what they think the influence of chance is upon success in life. Many of them have amiably responded, the topic being obviously one of those admirable mid-summer themes on which one man's opinion is as good as another's and which can be discussed till cooler weather comes without arriving at a sure basis of judgment. The replies, indeed, vary according to the taste and temperament of the several authorities invoked. Some of them rate luck very high; others put it wholly out of the reckoning. The composer Massenet gave a cynical turn to the discussion by avowing that, for his part, he believed absolutely that good fortune was the determining element in the success—or of others.

Splinter Off the Coronation Chair.

Dean Buckland when at Westminster used to tell a curious story of a brown paper parcel which he received one day by post. After many wrappings had been unfolded he found a small black splinter of oak about an inch and a half long. The writer of the unsigned note accompanying the parcel said that when he was a boy, many years before, he had chipped the splinter off the coronation chair. As age advanced, his conscience grew troublesome, and he asked the dean to be kind enough to restore the splinter to its place.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Oregon Angler's Luck.

The most remarkable fishing story brought to this city for some time comes through the reliable authority of Ski Meek, a Coburg angler, who asserts he caught five doubles. That is, with several hooks on his line, he caught two fish at once five times. All were trout and hooked within a rather short space of time.

They were caught in the McKenzie river near Coburg. He used a six-foot leader with two flies and a baited spoon hook.—Springfield correspondent Portland Oregonian.

According to Promise.

"Guess I'll hitch up the old mare to the wagon and drive down to the depot to meet those new city boarders," said the farmer. "Why don't you run down in the machine?" said his wife. "It won't do," replied the farmer sadly. "I'd like to, but it isn't business. You see I advertised this place as having all the comforts of an old-fashioned farm and I've got to give 'em what they expect."—Watertown Times.

Appropriate Place.

"I can't pay this taxicab bill." "Then I'll drive you to a police station." "Aw, be a game sport, and drive me to the poorhouse instead."

SHE HAD FIRST INSPIRATION

Excellent Reason Why Mr. B— Could Not Realize Money on His Wife's "Jewelry."

Mr. B— drove up in a hansom and entered the jeweler's shop, accompanied by his valet, who carried an oblong box of steel. Mr. B— asked for a private interview, and, on being shown into the office, he opened the box, exposing a splendid array of diamonds and pearl necklaces, earrings, tiaras and rings.

"Mrs. B—," he said, "is now abroad, before she returns I want you to extract these stones and replace them with good imitations, selling the real jewels, and giving me the money. This, of course, is to be a confidential transaction. Mrs. B— is to know nothing of it."

"My dear sir," said the jeweler, "I should be glad to do as you ask, but it is impossible. Two years ago Mrs. B— called her on the same errand that now brings you, and this errand, in her case, was successful. The paste jewels that you offer me are worth little more than the hire of the hansom awaiting you outside."

BEE CAUSED MOTOR WRECK

Sting of Pugnacious Insect Caused Driver to Lose His Control of the Steering Gear.

While motor car driving along Saybrook road at a rapid gait the other afternoon a little bee lighted on the nose of George Seale, son of William Seale, a wealthy resident of Brookline, Mass., who has his summer home at Ames, Conn. He involuntarily took both hands from the steering wheel, and the car bounced across a ditch near the residence of Henry Gladwin of Guilford, burying the autoist beneath it.

Seale was badly hurt, several stitches being required to close a nasty gash in one of his thighs and he was covered with minor cuts and scratches. Though dazed and insensible at first, he recovered sufficiently at his home to talk about the peculiar accident. He cannot understand how the bee kept pace with him long enough to alight, and how it stuck so tenaciously, as he was traveling at a fast pace. The car was only slightly damaged.

Mme. Curie's One Girl Helper.

The success attained in science by Mme. Curie has been an inspiration to hundreds of women throughout the world. Many girls on being graduated from universities in this country and Europe have sought appointments as assistants to Mme. Curie. The famous French scientist, who has won so many laurels, however, is not eager to have women assistants, and at present employs men, with one exception. That is a Norwegian girl, who is regarded by many scientists as giving promise of duplicating the attainments of Mme. Curie. The girl passed her examinations with the highest honors and began to specialize in radio-activity, with the result she won a traveling scholarship. Mme. Curie heard of her skill and her talent. She was glad to see the girl and after talking to her for an hour begged her to become her assistant.—Paris Herald.

Ingenious Etymology.

In an article in the Nineteenth century the Rev. A. H. T. Clarke credits Prof. Richard Porson with a philological jeu d'esprit. Porson was a great English scholar, who, among other astounding feats of memory, could repeat all of Gibbon's footnotes by rote.

A farmer, once meeting him in a public house, challenged him to derive his own name, which was Jeremiah King, from cucumber. The farmer thought he had "stumped" the scholar, but Porson immediately accepted and won the challenge.

"Jeremiah King" he began, "Jeremy King, Jerry King, Jerry Kin, Jerkin, Gherkin." Porson triumphantly concluded, "which is a cucumber."—Youth's Companion.

Cold Comfort From Mortar.

The coldest place on a hot summer day is not on a roof garden, or in a subcellar or on the deck of a steamer, or upon some beach swept by ocean breezes. It is at the entrance of an uncompleted building where the mortar has been laid but has not yet "set." The air which comes out of this building is cool, damp and pleasantly suggestive of the heart of a stone quarry or a cavern grotto. Evaporation is perhaps the secret of it all, but why is it that other evaporation is not so efficacious, so pleasant?

Tact.

The narrative of one of the passengers on the damaged Cunarder, as given to a reporter of the Birmingham Daily Mail, contains this passage:

"The baggage master deserved special praise. He had only been asleep a couple of hours when called up, but he arranged the baggage so cleverly that not a piece was lost save such as belonged to the steerage passengers." A truly first-class touch. To a steerage passenger, who has little enough to begin with, the loss of baggage is, of course, nothing.

The Latest Fad.

"Some society women have been assisting the shirt waist strikers." "How very interesting! You may put me down as a patroness whenever they have another strike."—Chicago.

Doing Ellis a Favor

Conrad, threading his way across the steamboat dock littered with boxes and trunks and trucks and people, saw Ellis at a distance and headed his way.

Ellis was a man that it paid to cultivate. Conrad was glad they were crossing the lake on the same boat, for there was the chance of a smoke and a chat together.

"Great jam tonight, isn't there?" Conrad remarked after greeting Ellis.

The man with whom Ellis had been talking when Conrad came up laughed at this. "There sure is," he remarked. "I can't get a berth, let alone a stateroom! Guess I'll have to sit up all night!"

Conrad eagerly grasped this chance to do a favor for a friend of Ellis. "You can have a berth in my stateroom," he said, cordially. "I'm alone in it."

Later on Conrad sought his room. Somehow he had lost Ellis after the boat started. He had patiently patrolled the decks without finding him, and was consequently disgruntled. Ellis had not even seemed decently pleased at the kindness to his friend. The stateroom door was locked.

Conrad rapped. There was no answer. He rapped louder. He repeated it.

The man in the next stateroom flung open his door crossly and asked Conrad to stop trying to knock in a side of the boat. He said he had pressing business in port, and if Conrad sunk the vessel and he had to swim in he would be late for his appointment.

Thereupon Conrad kicked the door of his stateroom. It was opened six inches and a sleepy and blinking face peered forth. Conrad shoved himself inside.

"Who are you?" demanded the blinking man.

"Here, wake up!" replied Conrad, disgustedly. "This is my stateroom, and I'm going to bed. Don't you remember that I offered to share with you?"

"Oh!" said the blinking man, comprehendingly, sitting down. Then he rolled over and went to sleep again. Suddenly Conrad gave a howl.

"What have you got in here?" he asked.

The sleepy man sat up and regarded the floor on which Conrad was dancing. "Oh," he said, and seemed amused. "They've got out, haven't they? I must have kicked a hole in the paper covering! There's a hundred of those crabs!"

"Then there are just a hundred too many!" Conrad announced as he made a leap for life.

"You see," said the other passenger, sociably, "I'm going over to visit a friend, and he's daffy about eating little fresh water crabs. He asked me to bring him some. I put 'em in a basket."

"Well, put 'em back!" Conrad ordered, ferociously.

Crouched on the edge of the berth, he watched the other man try to corral those agile crabs. He chuckled and shooed and coaxed and dived headlong and at last had most of them back in their basket. Then he promptly went to sleep once more.

Vastly irritated, Conrad retired. He awoke later to find himself being violently shaken by two strong hands.

"Don't you see it? Don't you see it?" shouted a voice. "Can't you stop it?"

"Are those crabs loose again?" Conrad cried in horror, making a spring for the electric light switch.

"No, not!" moaned the voice. "That automobile! It's toppling over and they'll all be killed!"

Conrad shook the sleep walker violently. "Where am I?" the man asked when he came to.

"You'll be overboard in the lake if you repeat that performance!" Conrad told him. "I want to get a little sleep."

In an hour a yell once more sent Conrad to his feet. It seemed that a crab which they had missed in the roundup had ascended a blanket to the berth and had fastened upon its owner's ear. No one could reasonably be objected to a man's yelling under these circumstances, so Conrad merely detached the crab, threw it out of the window and tried again to sleep, but by that time the boat had reached shore. Sleepy and angry, he started to dress. The other man was slumbering as sweetly as a baby. He woke up, though, when Conrad tried to put on his shoes, because the shoes had crabs in them.

As he disembarked Conrad met Ellis, who was looking fresh, rested and vigorous. Conrad longed to smile at him.

"Here," he growled at Ellis. "You let me in for an awful night with that friend of yours! I've had hardly a wink of sleep and have nearly had heart failure besides! What's the matter with him, anyway?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Ellis, genially. "I never saw him before last night. He had just stopped to ask me for a light when you came along and took him in like a brother!"

Specifications.

"I believe in a man of deeds, not words."

"So do I, if they're title deeds."